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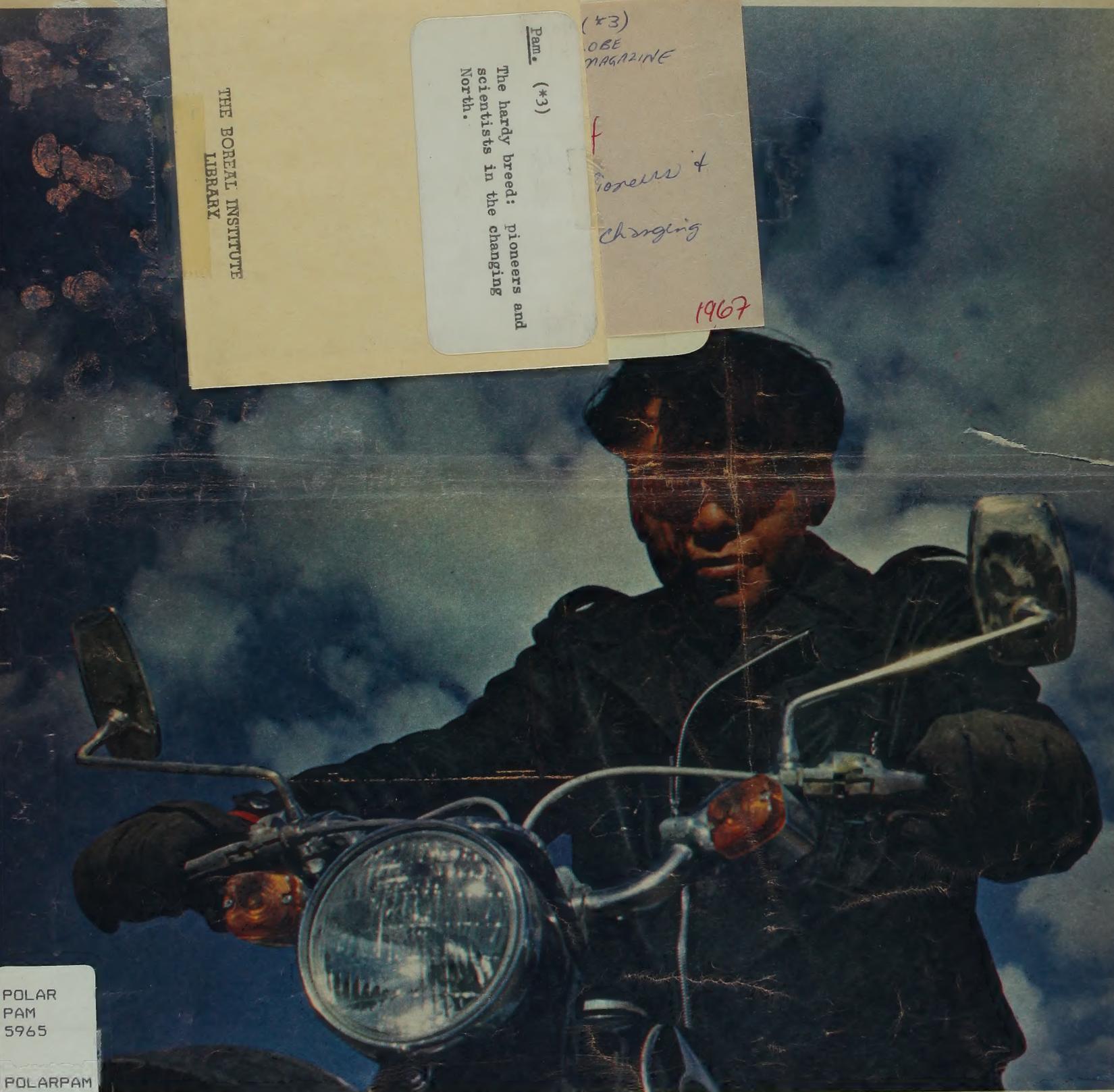
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The hardy breed: pioneers and
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Hell's Angel? No, just Mosha Kelly on his Honda at Frobisher Bay

THE HARDY BREED: PIONEERS AND SCIENTISTS IN THE CHANGING NORTH

news&comment

from Globe and Mail writers

Pick the needy, or no?

BY ANTHONY WESTELL

"Selectivity instead of universality" is hardly a political slogan to set partisan blood pounding, but it could become a major issue at the next federal election. Conservatives in provincial governments have already adopted the view that social services should be directed selectively to those in need, and the new federal Tory leader, Robert Stanfield, has indicated that he likes the idea.

The federal Liberals, meanwhile, insist that medicare must be universal, and show no inclination to restructure existing services, such as family allowances, which blanket the population without regard to need.

The case for selectivity appears to rest on several distantly related arguments. One holds that at a time of rising concern about government expenditure, it is attractive to think of saving vast sums of money by providing services only to those who need them. This argument is complemented by the view that services are not doing their job of ending poverty because they are spread too thin, and that it would be more satisfactory to concentrate resources on those who really need them.

Behind these economic and practical arguments are philosophical positions. Universality implies compulsion: people are compelled to sign up for services, such as the Canada Pension Plan or hospital insurance, whether they want them or not. Conservatives regard this as an unnecessary invasion of individual liberty.

There is no doubt that selectivity is attractive in theory, but if it is going to become a real political issue, it should be subjected to a great deal more analysis in Canada than has so far been undertaken. It could prove to be one of those beautiful theories that don't work in practice.

In Britain, the argument is more advanced than it is here. There — oddly enough in view of the philosophical division in Canada — it is the Labor spokesmen who have been urging selectivity, while some Conservatives have been arguing that it would be unfair to the rich.

The Labor men take the economic position that there is not enough money for services to go around effectively, so it should be concentrated on the needy. They recall that Aneurin Bevan, the great left-winger, used to say that socialism means priorities — just as Manitoba Premier Duff Roblin and other Canadian Conservatives

now say that priorities are the prerogative of their party.

A thorough study of expenditures and tax rates would be needed to indicate just where the advantage might lie under selectivity.

Much of the appeal of selectivity to those in middle and upper income brackets flows from the assumption that such a system would bring a reduction in government expenditure and therefore a reduction in their taxes. But some studies seem to show that middle and upper income groups would lose more in benefits than they would gain back in tax reductions.

The result could be, in effect, a net loss for these groups. If so, selectivity would lose much of its appeal to them.

Selectivity would also lose much of its practical and humanitarian appeal. It would be much easier, in such circumstances, to take more in taxes from the middle and upper income groups and give it to the poor, by way of supplementary payments, than to restructure the whole social service system.

Is restructuring, in fact, a practical possibility? A British professor is publishing a book in which he argues that it is easy to talk about selectivity but almost impossible to put it into operation. Just classifying need would be extremely difficult because of the variable factors in any family.

Father's income would be no sure guide; mother, son and daughter might all be making good money and placing the unit beyond needy status. Alternatively, there might be conditions in the family — disablement, ill health, aged parents, for example — that create real need despite father's income.

But even if need could be classified in a realistic way, how would classification be kept up to date? Many selectivists think in terms of using the annual income tax return as a means, or needs, test. But among the needy — the casually employed, for example — circumstances change from week to week. If the Government had to keep track of a man's status to "select" him for benefits when he needed them, the man, his employers and the bureaucrats might find themselves involved in vast amounts of paperwork.

Selectivity at least has the advantage of being simple to administer: pay the benefits to everybody, and get the money back once a year from those who do not need them by means of the income tax.

Home rule, but no vote

BY BRUCE MACDONALD

Since 1876, citizens of the capital of the United States have been almost totally denied that most cherished of American democratic rights — the right to vote.

In that year, Congress appropriated control over the municipal government of Washington. Long before, in 1802, it throttled the voice the district once had within its hallowed halls.

In recent years, Congress has agreed to allow residents of the capital to cast a vote for President, but in both 1965 and again in 1966 it effectively rebuffed mighty efforts by President Lyndon B. Johnson to provide them with at least a measure of home rule. Having blunted his lance in two frontal assaults on the congressional barricades, Johnson decided this year to try a flanking attack.

Falling back on his powers under the so-called Reorganization Act, the President moved to abolish the three-man board of commissioners that for 93 years has directed the affairs of the district within the limits of the authority granted it by Congress. In its place, he proposed to appoint a commissioner who would come as close as possible to approximating a mayor of Washington, and a nine-member city council.

In fact, the powers of the new "mayor" and his council will continue to be as constricted as those wielded by the former board of commissioners. While most informed observers strongly believe that the reorganized civic administration will be in a position to deal more efficiently and effectively with many critical problems confronting the district, Congress — and more particularly the Southern-dominated House district committee — will continue to control most of Washington's civic affairs.

Psychologically, however, the transformation in the structure of the administration is important for two reasons — both of which relate to the

fact that 63 per cent of the district's 800,000 population is Negro. The first is that President Johnson has already proposed and the Senate confirmed without a single dissenting vote the appointment of an outstanding Negro as the first "mayor" of the district, 52-year-old Walter Edward Washington. Many members of the nine-man council, perhaps a majority, will also be Negroes. Even though they will have no say in the choice, the district's Negroes may take satisfaction from the fact that at last there will be a civic administration vitally interested in Negro problems.

The second reason is that from a long-term point of view, the move may be even more important in paving the way for an elected civic government with extensive power to control its own affairs. As The New York Times pointed out in an editorial last June: "The President's expectation is that (the) performance (of the Negro members) will refute the dire predictions of the Southerners in the district committee who have opposed home rule for so long."

The brightest hopes rest on Washington, whom President Johnson described recently as a "strong and authentic voice for the people of the district." The executive director of the National Capital Housing Authority in the district since 1961, he was chosen last year by Mayor John Lindsay to become chairman of the New York City housing authority.

A Graduate of Howard University in political science and sociology, he took a post-graduate course at American University in public administration and later returned to Howard to obtain a law degree. Until his brief move to New York to work for Mayor Lindsay, most of his working years were spent in the district, where he was deeply involved in civic organizations ranging from the local equivalent of the Community Chest to the Urban League, an organization established in Northern cities to help Negroes migrating from the South.

Not the least of his qualifications for the new job is his wife, Bennetta. A former high school principal in Washington, she had been on the point of resigning her post as director of the Women's Centres of the Job Corps to join her husband and serve as a professor of education and assistant to the president of City College of New York.

Within recent years, Negroes have climbed to many high offices in the U.S. They are represented now in the Supreme Court, in both houses of Congress, in the Cabinet of the Johnson Administration, at senior levels of Government service and on the Federal Reserve Board. There are already Negro mayors in Springfield, Ohio, and Flint, Saginaw and Ypsilanti, Michigan. Strong Negro candidates are seeking the office in Cleveland and Youngstown, Ohio.

Yet the appointment of "mayor" Washington of Washington somehow occupies a special place as a measure of the changing times.



Washington: a bright hope for Johnson

Bulls-eye! North Pole

BY DAVID SPURGEON

What exactly is the North Pole? Many (with the possible exception of Winnie the Pooh) realize it's not actually a pole stuck in the ice.

Scientists describe it as the end of the earth's axis that points towards the north star. Yet it is not a fixed point — because the earth wobbles on its axis.

Canadian scientists made the first exact measurement of the North Pole's position last May — but they can't tell you precisely where it is today. Nevertheless, it was the first time such a highly accurate position had been determined.

Four persons from the Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, together with three technical personnel from the United States, made the final flying hop to the pole from Alert on Ellesmere Island on May 5.

Their plane, containing five tons of equipment and supplies, made a risky landing on the ice on wheels. All around were chunks of ice, a jumble of large and small blocks with open water in the cracks between.

The scientists made a precise determination of the pole from very accurate star shots using a new technique involving a computer, a ham radio station, sonar equipment and gravity readings. The stars were selected and the computer program worked out in advance.

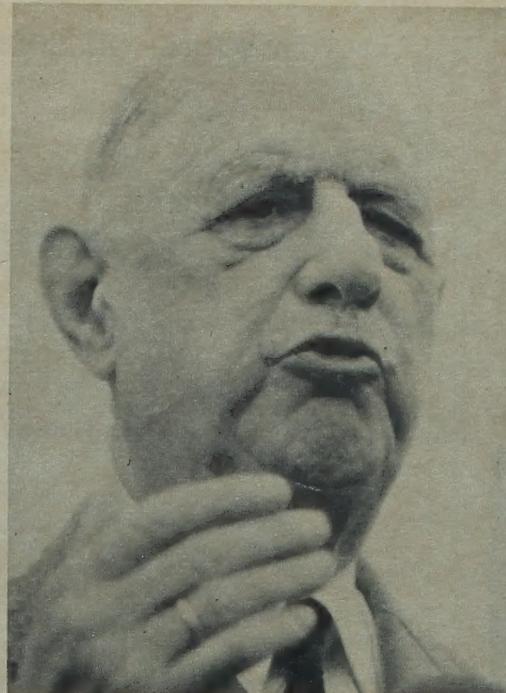
When they reached the pole area, the scientists took star angle readings with a theodolite and radioed the information back to the computer at Control Data Corp., Minneapolis — developer of a space navigation system for satellites. The radio link used portable transmitters to Alert and the Alert ham station to Ottawa; a telephone link completed the route.

The Control Data computer, already programmed, established a position on the ice surface and calculated the rate and direction of drift of the observers on the ice. (The ice is always moving with respect to the ocean floor, and this must be allowed for.) Another batch of polar readings were then taken in a similar manner.

At the same time a sonar transmitter, which had been dropped on the ocean bottom near the pole, sent out a signal, and the position of the transmitter was accurately determined by means of three stations on the ocean surface. This gave an accurate ocean bottom indication, which was tied in with the star shot data.

The third factor measured was the sea level. Humps and hollows on the surface had to be taken into account because of their effects on the other readings. This was done by a gravity survey.

These methods obtained a positional accuracy never before achieved. But just for that moment. The North Pole may not be there now. They also underline the difficulty of trying to decide whether the controversial Admiral Robert E. Peary really reached the pole as he said he did in 1909.



De Gaulle: formidable chief meets formidable adversary



Giscard: a turtleneck for the bone in Gaullism's throat

Destiny calls France's yes-but man

BY ALAN HARVEY

For the ambitious man, French politics can be frustrating. Power lies in a little room in the Elysee Palace, and there is nothing much to do but wait for more room at the top.

In the France of Charles de Gaulle, it is all or nothing. The general first and the rest nowhere. A modern Sun King dazzling and dominating anonymous princes by sheer force of will. It must be political purgatory for men like Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, one of the handful of candidates most likely to succeed to the presidency.

The former Finance Minister is an ambitious man. At 41, he can afford to be patient, but even for him the wait must sometimes seem long.

Years ago, Giscard described de Gaulle as the most formidable human being he had ever encountered. "He is extremely courteous," said Giscard. "He never interrupts a speaker at a Cabinet meeting. At the end, he sums up with such penetration, with such economy and elegance of language that he makes one think twice before daring to speak."

Today, Giscard might be less generous. As leader of the Independent Republicans, a party-within-a-party whose support is vital for de Gaulle's parliamentary majority, he has dared to create a new type of Gaullist, not so much a yes-man as a yes-but man. His use of the phrase "*Oui, mais . . .*" caused de Gaulle to resort to rough language in Cabinet meetings, belying the kind words Giscard once wrote about presidential conduct.

Despite an instinctive caution, Giscard has recently emerged as de Gaulle's most formidable adversary within party ranks. His statement last August criticizing what he called the solitary exercise of power has created

tensions within the ruling camp. This was clear in the bitter attack made upon the former Finance Minister by Raymond Marcellin, Minister of Regional Development, who commented: "Giscard d'Estaing repeats that he is in the majority and that he has the same aims as General de Gaulle. But the accumulation and repetition of his criticisms of detail make us doubt it, in the end."

The interesting aspect of Marcellin's statement is that he is one of three Independent Republican ministers in the Government. Along with the two others, he was obliged by de Gaulle to dissociate himself publicly from the statement their leader, Giscard, had made in August. Marcellin presumably should have resigned, but Giscard himself probably preferred him to stay to avoid a split in what is already a splinter of a bigger party. It is noteworthy that Giscard did not reply to Marcellin.

Whatever happens now, the Republican leader will clearly remain one of the most important figures in French politics. The Communist Party in France has designated him as its principal enemy. But neither Marcellin nor the Communists are likely to ruffle the imperturbable Giscard, who has always seemed destined for eminence.

"He comes from a brilliant, distinguished family and has had a brilliant, distinguished career," a profile writer once said.

Born February 2, 1926, in Coblenz, Germany, where his family was visiting, Giscard came from the *haute bourgeoisie*. His father Edmond was a leading civil servant, financial expert and industrialist; his maternal grandfather a noted political writer.

He achieved high honors at two proud schools, the Polytechnique and the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, passing exacting examinations to join the academic elite known as *Inspecteurs des Finances*. When he succeeded Wilfrid Baumgartner as Finance Minister in February 1962 he was just 36, the youngest incumbent since Raymond Poincaré, who was appointed in 1894 at the age of 34.

Tall and graceful, with an easy assurance that has won him the nickname in the Paris satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* of *Sa Suffisance*, which might be freely translated as His Lordship, Giscard sought to cultivate the common touch by appearing on television in a turtleneck sweater. In another unorthodox stroke, he ran a political school for party candidates, teaching breathing and relaxing exercises and passing on pointers on public speaking.

The important fact is that, though all his training and experience so far have been concentrated on economics, Giscard appears to be one of a very limited number on the French political scene who clearly possess the outstanding calibre to be labelled presidential material.

At present, he is the bone in the throat of Gaullism. It is widely thought that, as his organization builds up and strikes roots in the country, the man with the Kennedy-style image is merely biding his time, waiting for an appropriate moment to pass from his present stance of conditional support for the regime into one of outright opposition.

The last word of his surname, d'Estaing, is pronounced *destin*, French for destiny. It could be an omen.

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SCOTT YOUNG ON SPORT

From Rookie, with love

Maple Leaf Gardens,
Toronto.

Dear Mother,

I'm sitting here in the dressing room before the exhibition game with the Rangers and I have to do something to relieve the tension, so I thought I'd write to you. Mr. Imlach just came by and although he is usually polite, this time he didn't make it any easier. He said, "Well, kid, I see you are making out your will already, and the game hasn't even started yet. Personally, I would rather have a hockey player who is so confident that if he does get knocked off, he dies intestate."

It is amazing how much ribaldry that perfectly normal legal expression aroused among some of my team-mates, who tend to think in rather fundamental terms.

Some mornings when I waken and realize that here it is October and I am still with the big team (which is what we in the Toronto organization call the Leafs), I certainly feel good about it. Other mornings I am not so sure.

However, Johnny Bower was telling me the other day that I will get used to it. It is all a matter of adjusting, he said. He has a lot of good stories about the adjusting he has done during his career. Getting used to driving automobiles was the hardest part, he said, until finally he hit on the idea of pretending that the gear-shift lever was the handle of a buggy whip. Then it seemed more natural. He also says that Foster Hewitt was a very quiet baby, apparently saving his voice for game nights even then.

Mr. Imlach is the real enigma on this team, to me. How a man with his good looks and gracious demeanor ever became a hockey coach, I don't know. All the stories I had heard about the way he swore and ranted in the dressing room turn out to be untrue. He is almost unfailingly courteous.

In fact, in our exhibition with Canadiens the other night there was one play where one of the players missed a check and let his man right in on goal. I rather expected that the player would be told about it in the dressing room between periods, but all Mr. Imlach said to the player was to ask if he would like to go south for the winter, as if he hadn't noticed the bad play at all.

When I mentioned this politeness to Pete Stemkowski he didn't seem to take it the same way. "Rochester is south of here," is what Pete said. Perhaps some of the subtleties of Mr. Imlach's remarks do escape me, but if so I'm sure I'll learn.

There's only one time I've seen even the slightest hint of him losing his temper. One day he was standing in his little room off the dressing room, shaking a couple of white pills into his hand, when Eddie Shack poked his head through the door. Apparently he was in town to do a beer commercial with Clarence Campbell, the president of the National Hockey League.

Anyway, he stuck his head in the door and yelled, "Hey, Punch! I've just arranged with Eagleson to let you coaches into the association, too!"

He was referring to Alan Eagleson, the players' representative, who is a Toronto lawyer—and I am sure he was joking, because after all coaches are not players and therefore couldn't join a players' association no matter how much they need to be protected from the owners.

But anyway, Mr. Imlach was just about to throw the white pills into his mouth when Shack made that remark—and somehow when he turned his head, the pills missed his mouth and went right through the concrete wall and hit the trainer, Bob Haggert, who happened to be passing at the time. Luckily they hit Mr. Haggert on his wallet.

You asked in your last letter, mother, whether I had really made up my mind to stay with professional hockey. I could sense that you hope I will not, but all I can say is that it depends on whether I can make it with the Leafs.

I agree that the academic scholarship I've been offered at MIT is a real honor, and would be a shame to turn down. But when a man does get a degree at MIT what does he have, really? The advances in all kinds of technology are so rapid today that constant retraining is going to be necessary—and what I really want is security.

I look around the dressing room here some days at Johnny Bower, Allan Stanley, Tim Horton and George Armstrong, and I think to myself, suppose I did go right to the top at General Motors, could I expect to stay on top 10, 12 or 15 years, like they have?

The answer is no. Security, to me, is right here with the Leafs. To make this club would be like being appointed to the Senate—straight from high school. If I can make it, I'm sure going to give it a try. Mr. Imlach says I'm big enough, anyway—especially between the ears.

Here comes Mr. Imlach now for his pep-talk about how many goals we should win by tonight against what he calls "those deleted Rangers." I hope we can live up to his trust in us. Love from your son, Charlie—or as they call me here, Rookie.



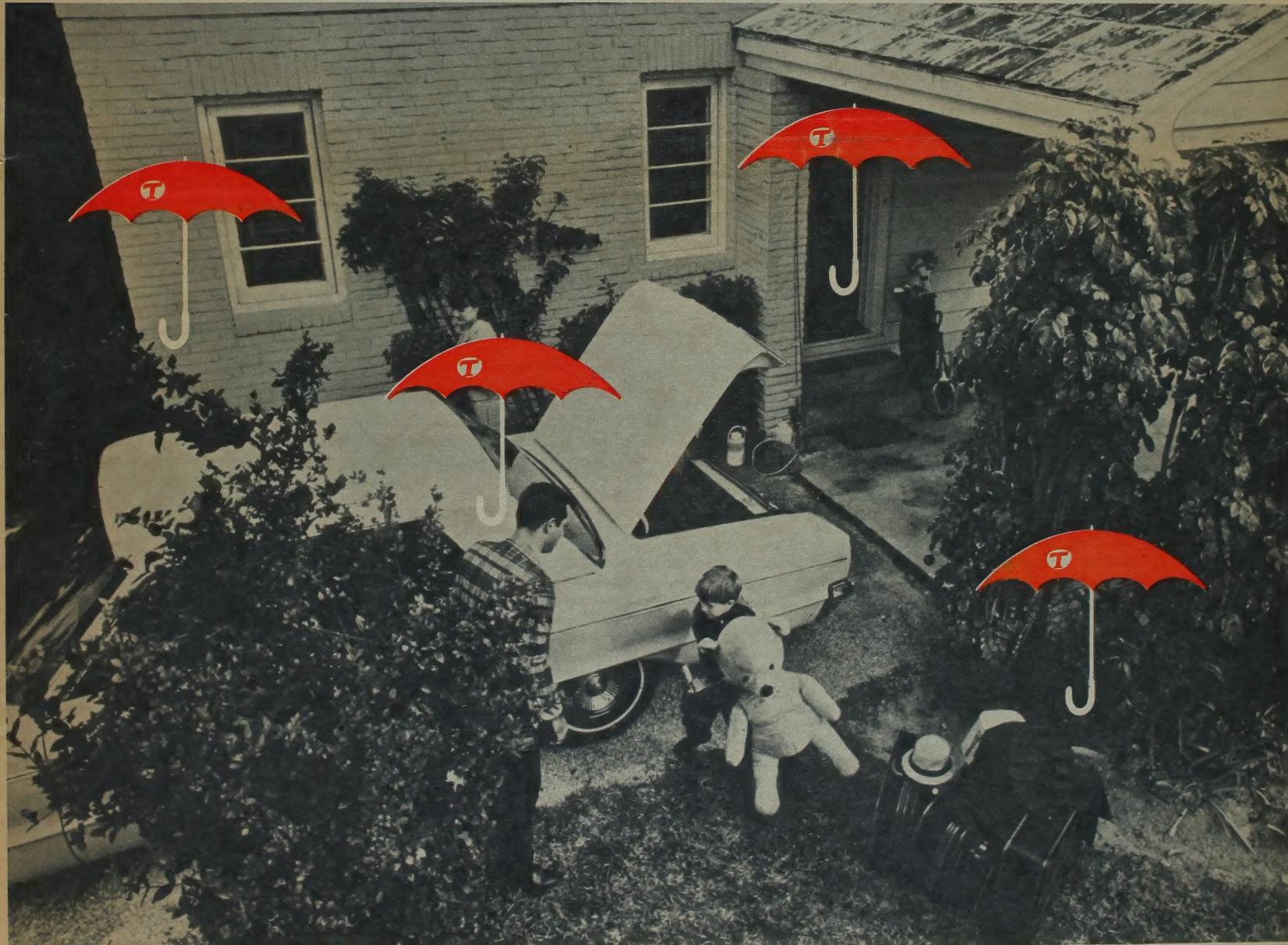
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AN ICY LAB



Joe Shorthouse, a University of Alberta student, studies adaptability of caterpillar

After eons of isolation from all but a few Eskimos, explorers and military men, the northern reaches of Canada's Arctic are being invaded by scientists. In recent years they have been turning the area into an immense natural laboratory.

Take Operation Tanquary, on Ellesmere Island. Set in a scene of majestic Arctic bleakness, at first glance it doesn't look too promising. There are no trees, no bushes even — only black and brown hills, snow and ice.

Nobody lives in the area for hundreds of miles around. It is truly the end of the world.

Why, then, the scientists? What is there for Tanquary and other similar operations to study away above the Arctic Circle? Why spend the large sums and tremendous amounts of energy necessary even to get there?

Answers can be found by looking more closely. Bleakness there is, but challenges, too. The Arctic, in fact, is one of the last places on earth where men who like physical challenges gather. Many go because of the difficulties rather than in spite of them.

And there is the lure of the unknown. Much of the Canadian Arctic is virgin territory, and scientists as well as adventurers are attracted by the thrill of the unexpected.

Romance aside, there are the obvious practical implications of defense. The Arctic Ocean and the Northern fiords are potential submarine and ship bases, so the geography of the area and characteristics of the waters must be known. Canadian troops must learn how to survive and use their weapons under Arctic conditions if they are to defend the massive Northern approaches.

It becomes less surprising, then, that the Defence Research Board should have established a scientific centre at Tanquary Fiord, on Canada's northernmost land mass. Based there and at another camp on nearby Lake Hazen, six DRB field parties (generally numbering about 25 men) have mounted a multi-faceted study of Arctic conditions to aid defense, establish a scientific basis for future exploration of the area and serve as the continent's northernmost graduate school.

The DRB's interest in Ellesmere Island dates from 1954, when it was thought that the floating ice islands of the Arctic were formed from the iceshelf on Ellesmere's northernmost tip — later found to be correct. At first the ice islands were just a curiosity, but later research parties boarded them and set up floating laboratories which have, among other things, provided undersea information for the passage of nuclear submarines.

There are also obvious economic advantages to Arctic research. The continent's weather is vitally affected by the meteorology of the North, making weather stations there essential to accurate forecasting.

Geologists think there must be tremendous reserves of oil in the Arctic; the problem is more one of getting it out economically than of finding it. And it seems certain that eventually the magnificent fishing conditions will be exploited by canny entrepreneurs.

The Canadian Arctic is still no place for tourists. It is harsh, forbidding and lonely. But it is being routinely penetrated by RCAF planes supplying weather and defense stations, and some scientists commute there every summer.

When the U.S. explorer-geologist E. W. Ekblaw reached Ellesmere Island's Tanquary Fiord in 1915, he first had to go by ship to Greenland — a two to three week voyage — spend the winter there, then finally travel overland for two months by dog sled. This summer I reached Tanquary from Toronto after a total flying time of only 14 hours.

I travelled via Air Canada to Edmonton, and the following day exchanged the comfort of a DC-9 for the lumbering efficiency of an RCAF C-130, which runs twice a week between Namao (near Edmonton) and the Northern settlements of Inuvik, Resolute, Eureka, Alert and Thule (Greenland). The big cargo plane (you could drive a truck up the rear ramp) has canvas seats along its sides facing enormous piles of strapped-down freight in the centre.

You can walk about and look out the tiny portholes once the plane is in flight, but there is no toilet and the roar of the engines is deafening. It takes about four hours to fly from Namao to Inuvik, another three from Inuvik to Resolute and a further 2½ to Eureka.

The trees are scrubby and stunted at Inuvik. From Inuvik to Resolute lie treeless barrens covered with snow. Reso-

BY DAVID SPURGEON

lute itself is a bleak collection of red huts and radio antennas, snow, wind and no visible vegetation. Farther north, on the way to Eureka, the ground is a black and white pattern as far as the eye can see.

The scene on the barren Eureka air-strip was like the set in those Northern adventure movies: a single-engined Beaver aircraft, a group of bearded men in Northern clothing and a red-headed girl. The men, members of an RAF group, were there for the C-130's return flight to Britain via Thule, after a two-month-long expedition, and they looked like a swashbuckling crew with parkas, flight boots and wind-burned faces. The Beaver was to carry us to Tanquary, and the girl was Lorna de Blicquy, our pilot.

She seemed out of place — a slight, pretty girl in a man's world. Later I learned she is a Carleton University graduate — philosophy, of all things. But she was entirely at ease as she flew us over the ice-covered fiords; she learned to fly at 15, back home in Ottawa. Later we met her husband, Dick, a tall, quiet-spoken man with the peculiar combination of caution and daring that an Arctic pilot needs.

Tanquary Camp is a small collection of orange canvas huts, wooden shacks and a tent nestled on a plain at the edge of the fiord, sheltered by the hills. Nearby is the Viking Ice Cap, and across the fiord the white tongue of a glacier licks down toward the water. The North Pole is only 500 miles away.

Eskimo camp remains 3,000 to 4,000 years old are nearby — a circle of rocks and a fireplace with rooms on either side. How incredible that they could have lived in this barren place. In the winter there is no sun and it goes to 68 below — and they had only skins and rocks.

(But why have no Eskimo bones or skeletons been found? There are animal bone remains, but no human ones. Perhaps they put their dead on the ice to float away — but there should be some bones around.)

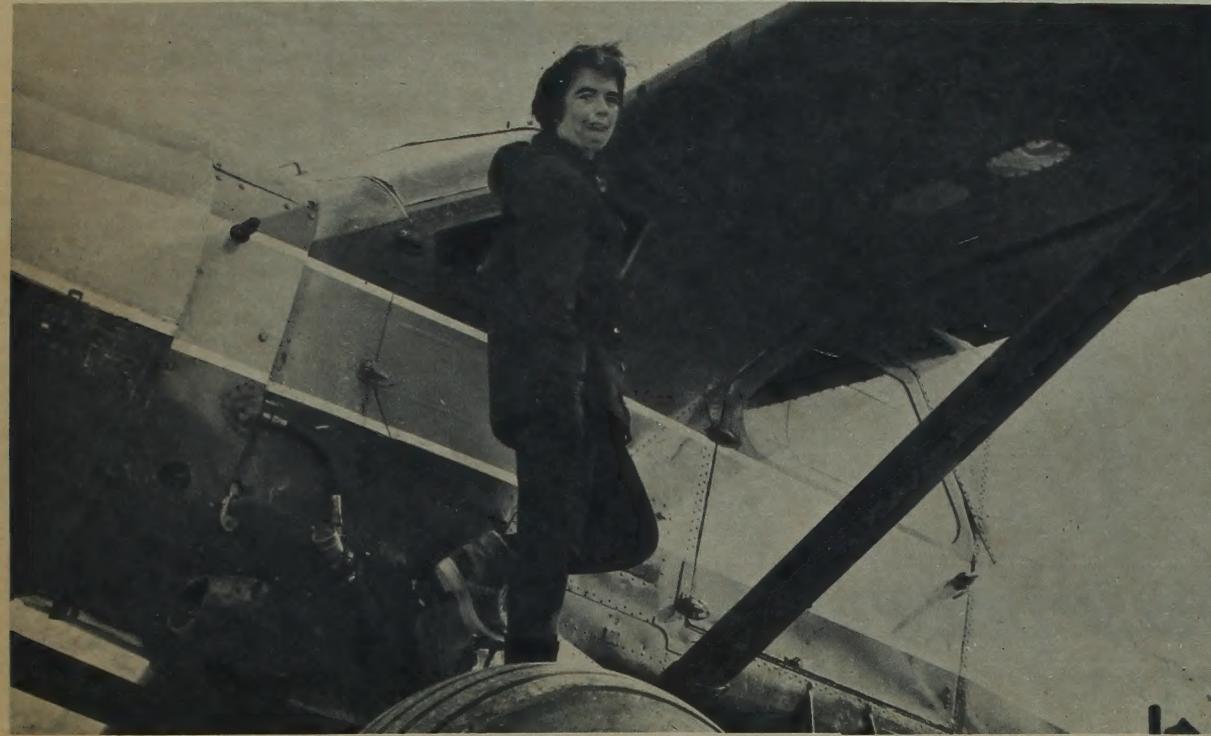
We slept in one of the orange huts made of insulated canvas stretched over a metal frame. There are low camp beds covered with thin foam rubber mattresses for sleeping bags, a stove for warmth, Playboy fold-outs for decoration and a meteorological instrument ticking incessantly in one corner.

It is not too difficult to adjust to the constant presence of sunlight if you go to bed about the same time every night. It's strange to look up and see the sun when your watch says 2 a.m., but the novelty passes.

Everyone is always confused about time. The time zones converge as they reach toward the pole, so you can pass into a different zone after travelling only a short distance. Some set their watches by Greenwich Mean Time and forget about zones.

(Peter Kevan, 23, of the University of Alberta, built a 24-hour sundial at Lake

Bugs with umbrellas under the polar sun? Yep, and science may find stranger things in studies at the end of the world



Lorna de Blicquy, who learned to fly back home in Ottawa at 15, pilots a Beaver aircraft over the last leg to Tanquary



Operation Tanquary, only 500 miles from the pole, is really at the end of the world

Hazen. Where else can you read a sundial for 24 hours? It is accurate to about five minutes and is named Xanadu.)

Another orange hut is used as a dining hall and general meeting place. It has a long table down the centre, shelves stacked with food along the sides, and there is a stove at one end.

The food is good quality, but most of the meat is necessarily canned or freeze-dried, and there is a shortage of fresh fruits and vegetables. Everyone takes a turn at being cook for a day and the results, not surprisingly, can vary wildly. Breakfast is usually the same: Tang (made with water from the mountain stream), porridge (sometimes with raisins in it), canned sausages and beans. There is no fresh bread, but there is canned butter to go with an assortment of biscuits.

Once we had Arctic char from Lake

Hazen. Another time we had roast beef from the freezer — a boarded compartment dug into the side of the hill. All the water comes from the melting ice-caps, and it tastes like snow did when somebody gave you a mouthful when you were a kid. There is no need to purify the water — there is nothing there to pollute it.

The sanitary facilities are rather special: a wooden outhouse with seat and back covered in reindeer skin — fur side outermost. It makes things rather grand in there — and keeps out the Arctic winds.

A bewildering variety of studies is conducted near Tanquary every summer — physical oceanography, marine biology, glaciology, geology, surveying, botany, entomology, meteorology, sea ice physics, radio-chemistry. Some examples:

Ken Richards, 20, a graduate student in entomology from the University of Al-



Tanquary's plushest: a fur-lined outhouse

berta, is studying a bee phenomenon known as usurpation. The queen bee of a species found in the Arctic takes over the hive of another queen and gets the workers to work for her. She produces no workers of her own. Why? Richards wants to find out.

And there is the beach umbrella phenomenon. Lake Hazen, one of two DRB base camps, might be loosely described as the Florida of the Arctic. The summer sun shines brightly on the sand flats surrounding the lake and clear air can register a temperature in the 50s. But for the ice in the lake, cracking as it melts, you might almost expect beach umbrellas.

In fact, the insects do have a form of beach umbrella — the petals of tiny Arctic flowers. They use them to catch the heat of the sun rather than ward it off. They sit inside the petals, which collect

the heat the way the reflector of a radio telescope collects signals from space.

This is just one example of how an insect adapts to its environment. Another is seen in the brown caterpillars that turn into butterflies: because of their color, they can raise the temperature near their bodies five to 10 degrees above that of the surrounding air. As a result, says 20-year-old Joe Shorthouse of the University of Alberta, "they can go romping across the snow."

As butterflies, they use another clever Arctic trick to keep warm: they always turn toward the sun, laying out their wings to soak up as much heat as possible. Southern butterflies don't.

By studying such tricks, scientists can learn how insects adapt to a cold environment. Not only will this tell them more about both the Arctic and the insects, but it could tell them how man himself could better adapt.

Such knowledge would have both military and civilian value, for protecting and settling the North. And what is learned about the adaptation of Arctic plants might be applied to the adaptation of other species which might some day be the basis for an Arctic agriculture.

Because relatively little is known of the Arctic in scientific terms, much of the work consists of gathering data for later analysis. Guy Brassard of the New York Botanical Garden, who this fall is working on his doctorate in botany at Ottawa University, says that until 1964 no one had made a survey of Arctic plants.

Yet in that year, 107 different species of plants and more than 100 mosses were identified. There are areas in the northern Arctic that are more fertile than some further south as a result of higher temperatures in protected areas and moisture from melting glaciers, Brassard says. There actually are meadows in the Arctic hills on which the musk ox feed. He is now describing which plants are found and where, trying to fill in the gaps in the published literature.

There really is quite a lot of life when you look for it: musk ox, many birds, insects, Arctic hares which run on their hind legs when frightened, even a few polar bears and seals.

In another field, Lawrence Law of the Dominion Observatory and Polar Continental Shelf Project is investigating an electrical conductivity anomaly at Gilman Camp on Lake Hazen. It runs southwest from Alert and is probably located in the lower crust or upper mantle of the earth, about 15 miles deep, 50 miles wide and more than 100 miles long. Law measures variations in the earth's magnetic field and uses probes to measure earth currents. What caused the anomaly? Perhaps continental drift, perhaps mountain building pressure.

Dr. Austin Long and his assistant, James Mielke, geochemists from the Smithsonian Institution, spent two months studying the circulation of water

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Rosewood dining table \$450.00

Rosewood Eva chairs \$105.00 each

Scandia House presents Rosewood

Rosewood is constantly surprising. Its darkly grained beauty may give an appearance of fragility. But it is, in fact, so hard that the craftsman who works it must pause often to sharpen his tools. For example, our dining set: the table's flowered grain and rich colour give an impression almost of delicacy,

but with its solid rosewood skirting and trim it's rugged enough to outlast the house it lives in. The table, fully extended, seats twelve comfortably. The strong, solid rosewood chairs feature padded black leather seats for comfort, and high, slim backs for a pleasing contrast with the low line of the table.

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High back sofa by Fredrick A. Kayser
\$1400.00

Eiderdown filling and glove soft black leather covering make this newly arrived sofa incredibly comfortable. And superb design and construction make it almost incapable of wearing out. Its strong, handsome appearance is accented by the colour of the rosewood legs. From one of Norway's most distinguished designers.

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presents Rosewood



Low back
swivel chair \$495.00

This Frederick A. Kayser chair stands alone nicely. But matching sofas and high back chair complete a suite of rugged attractiveness. In black leather with supporting steel base, concealed in rosewood.

presents Rosewood



Rosewood buffet \$550.00

One of our favourite examples of the Scandinavian buffet fashioned in rosewood. The length is 89", excellent for the medium to larger dining room. Sliding doors conceal generous storage space divided by an adjustable shelf. Uppermost of the four centre drawers is felt lined for your silverware. Mouldings are of solid rosewood for strength, with rosewood inlay for striking beauty.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE
in the Disraeli Fiord on the northernmost tip of Ellesmere, using radio-chemical analysis. Isolated there, they did not hear of last June's Chinese H-bomb explosion until they returned to Tanquary. Then they hastened to obtain samples of rainwater for analysis of the fall-out.

They also took samples of sea water trapped beneath 150 feet of fresh water by a glacier that slid across part of Tanquary Fiord about 3,000 years ago. The fresh water that filled up the land-locked side is called Lake Tuborg.

The DRB's Dr. Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith, director of Operation Tanquary, discovered the trapped sea water four years ago. Now the Smithsonian geophysicists have found that there is a species of plankton called copepod, never before found in the Canadian Arctic, living and reproducing in this three-centuries-old environment.

Other Tanquary scientists are measuring ice accumulation on the Ward Hunt ice shelf, determining the way fresh water accumulates beneath the ice after it breaks up, testing radio communications equipment under field conditions, measuring acoustic transmission under the ice, studying the forms of fiord life and obtaining basic oceanographic data in the fiords around the north coast.

Operation Tanquary has provided an important educational by-product in addition to its primary scientific value. Many students get post-graduate theses from their work here. They, in turn, will probably return to the Arctic and train other students.

More than 100 scientific publications have been produced by scientists working with or supported by the DRB in the North, says Hattersley-Smith.

Gary Schram, a 20-year-old physics student at McGill, took meteorological readings daily for the weather forecasts and for correlation with the rest of the scientific studies — a complete weather record which, he said, would be valuable one day for a thesis. "I'm not bored at all," he said. "I have plenty to do, and there's always someone to talk to. Then I have this book on relativity . . ."

What does he do for fun? "I listen to the radio. They pass on messages from the South like a party line. Then there are the planes with the field parties."

"You're not bound by time up here. There are no deadlines. There's no tension. The 24 hours of sunlight is very easy to get used to, and it's quite handy because you can putter around till 11 p.m. doing things."

As he spoke, they were dragging a new airstrip. It was 12:15 a.m. and the sun was still shining. *

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David Spurgeon is a science writer for The Globe and Mail

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GEOFFREY HATTERSLEY-SMITH

PROFILES FROM A COLD COUNTRY

The marathon walker who reads glacier tales

If you first met him in Southern surroundings, you wouldn't take the tall lean scientist for an Arctic expert. With an impeccable English accent and the double-barreled name of Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith, he seems more like a graduate of Winchester and Oxford.

Well, he is actually. But the 44-year-old director of the Defence Research Board's Operation Tanquary also happens to be a world authority in glaciology — and on his way to becoming a legend in the Canadian North.

He is, though, one of the least pompous of men. "For crissake, don't call me doctor. It sounds like a field hospital," he tells students working for him. He much prefers Geoff, although some call him The Hat.

Dr. Hattersley-Smith specialized in geology at New College, Oxford, graduating in 1948. Later he earned an M.A. and a Ph.D. in geology at Oxford.

In the spring of 1948 he joined the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey in Antarctica and spent two years in charge of a survey base on King George Island. He came to Canada in 1951 to join the DRB Arctic Section, and during that year he did glaciological research on the Yukon-Alaska border and joined the DRB survey of the Beaufort Sea.

Hattersley-Smith first went to Ellesmere Island in 1953 to investigate the origin of the drifting polar ice islands. He's been going back ever since. They all know him in the Arctic stations, and they tell you stories about his walking. Like the time he dropped in at a surprised colleague's tent about 20 miles away over the Arctic hills — just for a cup of tea — and then walked back.

On field trips, the Hat goes native. His

Natives or newcomers, the North's scientists, adventurers, boosters and politicians all display a love of the land. Here, Perry Anglin and David Spurgeon profile some they met on trips through the Arctic

beard begins to grow straggly, and the ends of his long underwear take on the color of the Arctic hills. He has given up taking his dirty laundry home with him at season's end because his wife just throws it away. He now solves the problem by leaving his work clothes at the camp until the next season.

His current studies concern the Gilman Glacier, near Lake Hazen — digging pits 50 feet deep in the snow and ice and climbing down ice steps to examine the layer formations.

He can read the story of past climate by examining the sections of snow and ice. The ice makes pale blue bands and sometimes there are pips where water percolates through. Air bubbles get trapped in deep glacier ice, so there are samples of air tens of thousands of years old. "That's why, when you use glacier ice in a drink, it goes snap, crackle, pop," he says.

Hattersley-Smith's Arctic trips have brought him some exciting finds. In 1964, he discovered that Otto Fiord glacier in west-central Ellesmere Island had made what is scientifically termed a catastrophic advance between 1950 and 1959 — cause unknown. This two-mile advance (about a yard a day) made it the fastest-moving glacier in the North.

In 1953, he found a piece of Admiral Peary's North Polar flag and record in a cocoa tin in a cairn on Cooper Key Mountain.

Indian-chief politician with massacre memories

The Coppermine River cuts through rolling, barren country dotted with marshes as it flows to the Arctic Ocean 1,000 miles north of Edmonton. Prospectors in increasing numbers are now roaming the bleak landscape, attempting to establish a major copper deposit which will permit large scale mining.

This summer, one visitor to the copper explorations brought with him memories of far different times, almost 200 years ago, when the first white man travelled the region.

The visitor was Joe Sangris, 52, the first Indian chief to visit the region since the explorer Samuel Hearne was accompanied there by a cruel Indian chief whose bloodthirsty followers slaughtered an entire tribe of Eskimos.

Hearne, commander of the British fort at Churchill, had twice set out unsuccessfully on treks to the Arctic Ocean, before he completed the journey with the help of Chief Manatobie, his eight wives and band of warlike braves. Following the caribou across the northern reaches, they had come to the Coppermine River, and spotted the Eskimos making camp.

They stole up on them in the morning darkness of July 17, 1771. Hearne described the massacre in his journals:

"The horrible scene was shocking beyond description . . . Men, women and children, numbering upwards of 20, ran stark naked from the tents and endeavored to make good their escape; but . . . they all fell victim to the Indian barbarity."

Sangris, who visited the region this summer — with his one wife — bears little resemblance to the proud and bloody Chief Manatobie. He is the chief, duly elected, of the Yellowknife band of the Dog Rib Indians, about 400 persons living outside the booming capital of the Northwest Territories. Chief for 17 years, he sounds much like other politicians in protesting that he doesn't want to remain in public office.

But for all his protests he continues to work for improvements in his people's way of life. In a recent conference with Indian Affairs and Northern Development Minister Arthur Laing, Sangris

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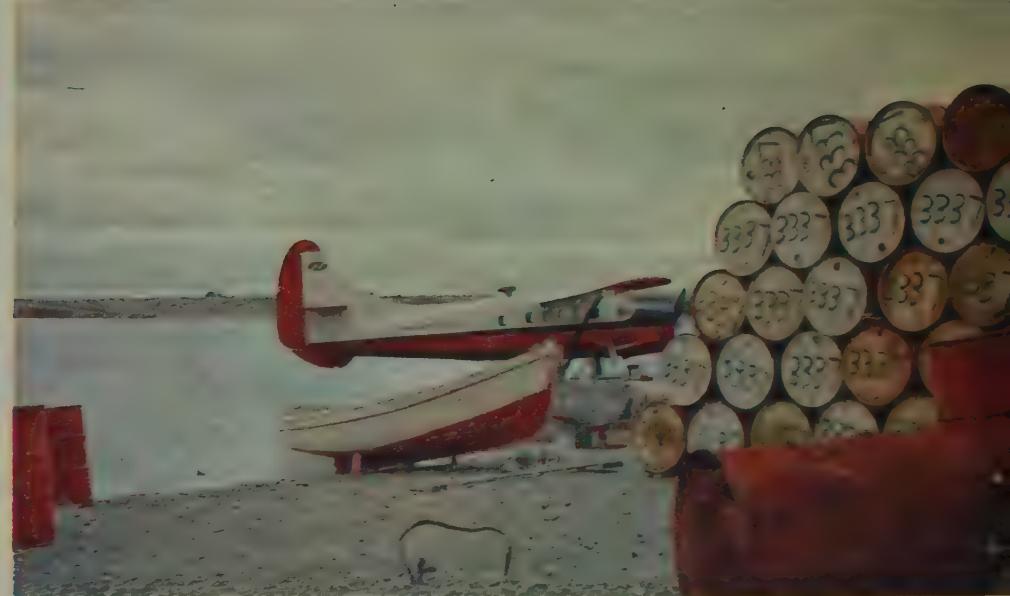
JOE SANGRIS



An Eskimo kept warm by caribou clothing and thoughts of his brewing tea, waits in the traditional way for s

The true Canadian

PHOTOGRAPHS: PAUL DAVOU



The Otter aircraft and fuel drums — ever-present in the North. The scene: Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island

Abandoned Pine Tree station at Frobisher marks the white man's passage



s near Whale Cove on the west coast of Hudson Bay

Canadian North

Blubber, igloos and weather-etched old Eskimo faces — the true North? No, not quite. Certainly some of the traditional images do exist, but in Eskimo-land today, the Eastern Arctic mainly, Northern symbols are in many ways the same as Southern symbols: Hondas (with or without roads), aircraft, fuel dumps and rusting machine dumps. The boom and bust of the Twentieth Century, a patina on a passing culture. The CBC's Paul Davoud — researcher, sometime director, onetime resident of Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island — tried to capture the real, changing North on color slides while working for a CBC film crew on a new TV series, *The True North*. The 11-part series is the first TV color documentary on the Canadian North and is currently being shown on Thursday nights at 10.30. Davoud and the film crew covered 25,000 Northern miles over two years in an effort to get a valid, up-to-date image of the country. Davoud found the country sometimes indelibly marked by the white man's now rising, now falling interest and investment in Northern vision. In many instances, as some of the photographs here indicate, both the land and the Eskimo are victims of the white man's abandonment.

A low sun on the horizon of Frobisher's bay



Ancient debris: whalebone house from an early Eskimo culture still stands at Fox Main on Melville Peninsula



Modern debris: defense equipment lies rotting at Frobisher where a scrap of metal used to be cherished



PROFILES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

asked for specific services for his village, which lies across a bay from Yellowknife, on Great Slave Lake: electricity, an opportunity for the village Indians to take advantage of the Government's low-cost housing program and a three-mile road around the bay.

The road would be a less direct link than paddling across the lake or using dog sled across the ice in winter. But when ice is forming and breaking up in the fall and spring, travelling across the bay can be difficult and dangerous.

Sangris, a trapper, speaks almost no English, but you can talk to him through his wife Mary, who has borne him 15 children since she became a bride at 18. Only seven survived childhood. P.A.



WILLIAM SENIOR

A chilly editor who's bursting with visionary ideas

What's wrong with the North? "It's too damn cold," says the editor of the Churchill, Manitoba, newspaper, the Taiga Times. "No one has ever thought of the North as a place to stay — it's just a few of us fool enough to stay here." His words are as gloomy as the Arctic night, but William (Ernie) Senior doesn't stop there. He's one of the North's biggest boosters, and he has some of the biggest ideas — hundreds of them — about how to improve things.

What about the cold? Well, he thinks all of Hudson Bay could be warmed up — by one degree — if huge thermonuclear reactors were placed in its northwestern stretches, with the tidal flow circulating their heat. That, he says, would keep the bay ice-free year round and generally temper the harsh climate.

And those long Arctic nights? Well, he says, satellites could carry reflectors that would redirect sunlight across the face of the North.

Senior thinks big. A Britisher born in Pakistan, he immigrated to Canada and first went North 20 years ago.

The mimeographed Times, which he founded three years ago, publishes approximately once a week and amuses, instructs, informs and exasperates its readers. It is particularly irritating to those mentioned in the gossip which the Times purveys with infuriating accuracy.

The Taiga on its masthead derives from a Russian word which means "the place in between" — between the tree line and the barrens — aptly describing Churchill's relationship to the rest of the North. It's because of its location that Senior sees good reason for pursuing the project closest to his heart — establishment of a Northern university.

It would be ideal as a research centre, he says. "They could study how ravens breed here in January, why the polar bears can jump into freezing water, possible meteorite craters in the Belcher Islands. . . . It's a built-in testing ground for underwater craft, where the Russian subs can't follow them because it's territorial waters. It's an ideal place for an Arctic zoo: musk ox, caribou, polar bears. And where else but Churchill for launching our own communications satellites?"

There is already an impressive satellite-launching program at Churchill, involved in upper atmosphere studies. And Senior says the existing scientific establishment could provide the basis for staff and facilities of a new university. Alaska got its university 50 years ago, and it thrives outside Fairbanks under circumstances, he says, which are less propitious than Churchill's.

Senior even worries about whether the bay will be polluted by paper mills that aren't even on the drawing boards. And he has visions of agricultural research that could make the North a producer of edible lichens and algae that would grow with almost no sunlight. P.A.



DR. FRANK BOYCE

An adventure loving doctor in tame young Inuvik

Dr. Frank Boyce treats what he claims is the highest venereal disease rate in Canada. He gets four or five cases a day in the hospital at Inuvik, on the Mackenzie River delta, and estimates that more than half of the town's 2,800 persons are afflicted with VD. Doctors down in Hay River, below the Arctic Circle, claim they have the highest rate in the country, but Boyce still thinks he's got them beat.

He's 26, and spending his first year as a doctor in Inuvik. But Boyce, a Toronto man who graduated from U of T medical school last year, then interned in Vancouver, isn't entirely happy in Inuvik. He says it's all too modern for him and he'd like to move on — to a still more remote settlement.

His hospital in Inuvik is fully equipped and he practices with four other doctors on contract for the National Health and Welfare Department. They serve an area stretching more than 500 miles without a competitor. But despite the adventures of mercy flights and the excitement of treating patients by radio messages, Boyce finds it pretty tame.

"This is almost too civilized — it's got everything that a small Southern town has," he says. And he notes that with its five doctors, Inuvik has a better doctor-patient ratio than most Southern small towns.

Boyce happily strokes a beard he's growing — one luxury that small-town Ontario would frown on — and explains he's not in the North because of missionary zeal. "I could make more money," he says, though he's not complaining about his \$12,000-a-year income, which includes \$1,000 in isolation pay. "But I came here because I wanted to travel, to see the country — and, being strictly selfish, for the adventure."

He's had plenty of that: flying through the night across barren wastes, sewing up a child's head on a kitchen table, handling everything from a miscarriage in the wilderness to the ever-present VD at home.

"I have a ball up here. You fly in the middle of the night, scared stiff but confident the pilot wants to get there just as much as you do, landing on some small lake . . . It's a gas." P.A.

The good life of the first Eskimo commercial pilot

When he was born 21 years ago in a tent on the western banks of the Mackenzie River delta, his parents gave him the Eskimo name Tigiluk. Today, known as Thomas Donald Gordon, the name given him by an evangelical missionary, he regularly flies a Cessna 180 over the delta as the first Eskimo commercial pilot in the North.

To Southerners, bewildered by the vastness of the North and the maze of blue and green streams and muddy, deep channels running through the delta, he's not just a good pilot. He's a great pilot. Far from encountering discrimination, Tom Gordon finds himself sought out by veteran travellers who respect his knowledge of the country. That's in case of crashes.

But after flying with Tom Gordon — watching him make a perfect water landing, skim across the river on pontoons and float with precision to the dock — it's hard to believe he'd ever crash. (He did once, though, the day he misjudged the wind and plowed the Cess-

na into a snowbank, breaking a wing.)

Tom became familiar with the North country trapping with his father, now a janitor at the Cape Parry radar station. He was spotted as a youth, running about the old village of Aklavik near the mouth of the Mackenzie, by a missionary of the evangelical Full Gospel Mission, Don Violette. Later, Tom moved south with the missionary, attended schools in Three Hills, Alberta, and Hay River, N.W.T., where he completed Grade Eight. While in Hay River, he helped Violette build a 70-foot scow — a floating chapel. They sailed it down the Mackenzie, holding meetings as they travelled.

Tom then returned to school briefly in the new Government town of Inuvik, originally envisaged as a modern replacement for nearby Aklavik.

(Government officials and many Indians and Eskimos moved to the new town a decade ago, but the wildlife didn't, so Aklavik remains as a trapping centre which the Government has finally

agreed to recognize and support. Inuvik now has a population of about 2,300, which swells to 2,800 during the school year. Aklavik's population is about 700.)

Shortly afterward, Tom moved to Edmonton for training as a mechanic. While there he got his pilot's license. Later, he added his commercial license. He's now flown more than 2,500 hours in the two-and-a-half years he's worked in Inuvik, where he lives with his wife Rita, a nurse from Edmonton, and their five-month-old daughter.

It's a good life. Tom averages \$700 a month and has made as much as \$1,400 in a single month. He and Rita go to Edmonton for holidays, and have travelled elsewhere in Canada and the United States.

Standing in the summer sunlight talking to Tom as he tips his baseball cap, adjusts his pilot's sunglasses or hitches his powder blue denims, you feel a little silly asking him about discrimination. "It hasn't bothered me at all," he says.

It's Tom's turn to feel silly if you ask him how much Eskimo he speaks. "Just a bit — enough to get by." P.A.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20



TOM GORDON



Some people switch for excitement



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A camera panegyric to Canada

CANADA: A YEAR OF THE LAND
Produced By Lorraine Monk for the National Film Board
The Queen's Printer, 320 pages, \$25

KARSH PORTFOLIO
By Yousuf Karsh
University of Toronto Press, 203 pages, \$10.95

Reviewed by WILLIAM FRENCH

Why does Canada have so many good photographers? The question is made even more intriguing by the fact that although some of them, such as Roloff Beny, were born in this country, a good many others, starting with Yousuf Karsh in 1924, came here as immigrants. Some of the best have come from Europe in the past decade or so. Why Canada?

There are some obvious reasons. For one, the competition isn't as tough as in the United States (although the opportunities aren't as great, either). And this is a photogenic country, with visual qualities of its own, as the Group of Seven discovered even before the photographers. But the question will undoubtedly be the subject of a thesis some day.

These two books are further evidence of our good fortune. Karsh, of course, is still the world's premier portrait photographer. *Karsh Portfolio* is a spin-off from his *Portraits of Greatness*, published in 1959. It retains 36 of the 96 portraits in that volume and has 12 new ones; half the number of pictures and almost half the price, which is fair enough.

Canada: A Year of the Land is the National Film Board's contribution to the Centennial

(as distinct from *Labyrinth*, its contribution to Expo). No expense has been spared to make the book a stunning pictorial record of the natural beauties of this country as it turns through the four seasons, and it will undoubtedly be right up there with Roloff Beny's photographic essay on Canada, *To Every Thing There is a Season*, as the gift book with the most prestige this Christmas.

I suspect the \$25 price doesn't cover the cost of production, but when the Government is picking up the tab, you don't worry too much about such things.

There are 260 plates, all but a couple of dozen in color, the work of 77 photographers. Despite the variety of contributors, the book has a surprising unity — almost as much as Beny's one-man vision of the country in his book. The styles vary considerably, of course, but thematic consistency is maintained by the framework of the seasons.

The book, as the title makes plain, is about the land, not the people and the cities, and to that extent it doesn't give a comprehensive view of Canada. The humans who do appear are small scale, overpowered by the immensity of their environment. But as a pastoral essay it's superb, with echoes of painters

from Turner to Tom Thomson.

Most of the photographs are literal, rather than symbolic or abstract, and for some tastes there may be too many cows and horses grazing, too many flowers and birds. But these standard shots are outnumbered by imaginative attempts to achieve something different with lighting effects, camera angles and the geometry of the land. The Prairies prove to be remarkably photogenic, and some of the effects with that big sky are outstanding.

Color reproduction throughout the volume is spectacular, from soft, hazy sepia to rich reds and blues. By comparison, the few black and white photos seem pallid and could easily have been omitted, with several exceptions, most notably an outside shot of an igloo glowing in the Arctic night. All the printing, incidentally, was done in Canada, proving that if price weren't a factor, Canadian publishers wouldn't have to go to Europe to get outstanding color reproduction.

The idea for the book came from Mrs. Lorraine Monk, director of the Film Board's still photography division. She shepherded the production from drawing board to finished product, and deserves credit for her zeal. The book, which measures



Fishermen, St. John's, Newfoundland: a stunning pictorial record by the NFB of the country's beauty

15 by 12 inches, was designed by Allan Fleming and has four poetic, evocative essays by Bruce Hutchison on the seasons and what they mean to Canadians.

For some odd reason, it was decided to print Hutchison's excellent prose in a kind of Gothic script usually found on wedding invitations. It's not only pretentious but hard to read.

Karsh has retained his favorite portraits from his earlier book, including the memorable study of Hemingway in a turtleneck sweater, the rear-view shot of Casals playing his cello in a monk-like cell, Picasso, G. B. Shaw, Bertrand Russell and Churchill scowling after Karsh snatched his cigar.

The new portraits are of Glenn Gould, Marc Chagall, Yuri Gagarin, Nikita Khrushchev, Pope Paul, Sir Edmund Hillary, Lyndon Johnson, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Joan Miró, Archbishop Michael Ramsey and a Centennial portrait of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. That lineup is clear evidence of Karsh's fantastic ability to bridge boundaries and occupations; his talent gives him a passport to the top.

The new portraits reaffirm Karsh's mastery of lighting effects and his uncanny ability to get his subjects to drop their masks. Sir Edmund Hillary ap-

pears as the archetype of the outdoor man; he could be standing on a mountain top, squinting into the limitless distance, the mountain winds rumpling his hair. (Actually he was in a Chicago office building.) Gagarin is bursting with health and confidence, a man obviously capable of going to the moon.

President Johnson's portrait was taken four days after Kennedy's assassination, and is somewhat forced. I expect a far different image would emerge now. Kennedy was photographed during the 1960 election campaign, and the portrait is memorable for the youthful strength and poise it reveals.

Khrushchev is whimsical in a huge fur coat and stocking cap, which he donned at Karsh's request. Pope Paul is austere in white cassock and skull cap against a white background. His hands look like porcelain.

Once again, great care has been taken in the production of this volume in Holland. The same special soft ink developed for *Portraits of Greatness* was used. It bruises easily, but reproduces Karsh's original prints with utmost fidelity, from velvety blacks through all gradations to creamy white.



Khrushchev, by Karsh: still the world's top portrait photographer

William French is *The Globe and Mail's* book editor

BOOKS &
BOOKMEN

Speaking of picture books (as I was on the other side of this page), the first two volumes of McClelland and Stewart's new Canadian Illustrated Library have now been published. In the first, *The Colour of Canada*, Hugh MacLennan provides a few elementary observations on our history and geography to accompany some excellent color photographs of our rural and urban landscape. In the second, *Canada North*, Farley Mowat's prose almost outshines the pictures as he returns to his favorite subject, our shocking neglect of the Arctic and its people.

The two books, which complement each other nicely, are much less ambitious than the National Film Board's *Canada: A Year of the Land*, but offer good value for the money (\$4.95 each). The photography in *The Colour of Canada* is particularly good: over 100 pictures, all in color, by 17 leading photographers.

MacLennan's most original contribution is his contention that our perennial French-English tension is our greatest single asset. His reasoning — not at all convincing — is that our "racial" problem has prevented us from choosing the kind of unity which turns a government into a huge abstraction.

In the captions with the pictures, MacLennan occasionally provides some novel, if questionable, information — such as his puzzling statement that the finest wines drunk in North America are drunk in St. John's, Newfoundland.

The photographs are arranged from east to west, and they give a sense of travelling across the country.

The Mowat book is not so satisfying visually; its appearance is cluttered, with small engravings and floating paragraphs dotting the wide margins. It's more an illustrated lecture than a picture book, although some of the color photos taken from the air are striking. But Mowat's text is excellent; it's full of indignation, nuggets of information (including a recipe for lemmings à la crème) and good writing. Mowat visited the Soviet Arctic last year, and he makes some interesting comparisons.

As an introduction to the problems and potential of the Arctic, *Canada North* can be highly recommended.

WILLIAM FRENCH

From false black phantoms to white fears

RHODESIA AND INDEPENDENCE
By Kenneth Young
Methuen, 567 pages, \$9.25

CRISIS OVER RHODESIA
By Charles Burton Marshall
Copp Clark, 74 pages, \$1.45

Reviewed by CLYDE SANGER

Kenneth Young's book is clearly important to anyone concerned with Africa or race relations, for it is, in all but clear acknowledgement, the authorized version of the Smith regime's case in the long Rhodesian crisis.

The author makes some play with his innocence of Africa until 1966, apparently to suggest he went there at that time without preconceptions. But his background, as former editor of the Yorkshire Post and political adviser to Beaverbrook papers, puts him among Conservatives of the old Imperial school. And while he had long tape-recorded interviews with Premier Ian Smith, he appears never to

have checked points with Harold Wilson or his ministers.

Being a book based on such sources, and with such a title, one would hope it answered the basic question: why did the Rhodesian Front feel it had to gain independence, legally or illegally? Many outsiders may sympathize with its actual decision in November 1965 to make a unilateral declaration of independence, after two years of British shilly-shallying. But why did it start demanding independence, under a Government elected by 69,000 whites and only 3,000 Africans, back in 1963?

Young's answer comes eventually on page 290: because



Premier Ian Smith: he talked himself into seizing independence

there was in Whitehall "determination to bring about African majority rule at the earliest possible moment." Yet his book is the best refutation I have read of this assertion.

At no point did the Macmillan, Douglas-Home or Wilson Governments initiate pressure on white Rhodesia to change the political structure more swiftly than the 1961 Constitution was supposed to (which, according to former Chief Justice Sir Robert Tredgold, would mean 50 years before majority rule).

The British Governments were devious, of course, sometimes dishonest — but they were always defensive. That's what most of the rest of the world complains about. The Rhodesian crisis, Young's book unwittingly makes plain, is the white regime's own creation. Right up to UDI, Prime Minister Wilson was offering terms which would have allowed the whites two generations of political domination.

But Smith, after a referendum and a general election, had talked himself into seizing independence. His men jumped over the precipice out of fear of a phantom that wasn't there.

The book is also useful in clearly showing how the Conservatives, when in office, expressed attitudes and reactions almost identical to the Socialists who took office after them. But Young should know better than to indulge in cheap distortions and half truths. He misses no opportunity to label the African nationalist parties "extremist minorities." He even refers in this way to the

Malawi Congress Party which won 99 per cent of the votes in 1961. If he had witnessed the African-run referendum in Rhodesia in 1962, he could not honestly have written this way.

Professor C. B. Marshall's essay, written for the Johns Hopkins University School of Advanced International Studies, argues only two real points. The first is that the Wilson Government tried to make drastic changes in Rhodesia when it took over from Douglas-Home: every fact in his third chapter proves the opposite. The second is that the crisis is not "a threat to international peace," the term the UN Security Council needs to justify action.

This is a standard pro-Smith argument to which Marshall brings no new thoughts. Was this slight book aimed at fellow scholars, or at the U.S. Congress to embellish the Rhodesia lobby with campus respectability?

Clyde Sanger, a member of *The Globe and Mail's* editorial board, spent nine years as a reporter in Rhodesia and Kenya

Lionel Kearns
Pointing

Like the skill of the axeman
he describes —

Each
stroke
distinct
Echoing
once
in the distance

— the poetry of Lionel Kearns rings with clarity and conviction. In this collection, the poet's world ranges from the sleepy plazas of Mexico to the sparkling British Columbia wilderness, and the people in that world from asthmatic professors to army-surplus fighter pilots. In quiet poems of contained emotion the author portrays joy and terror, frantic motion and death —

But don't bother
to look
in the rear-view mirror
Driver

Because it's a trail
of exhaust.



\$3.95

Ryerson
At your bookseller

Cameo with a spurious shaping

AT THE JERUSALEM
By Paul Bailey
Clarke, Irwin, 192 pages, \$4.65

Reviewed by ANNE MONTAGNES

The Jerusalem is a home in England for old women, and this novel is the story of a woman who lived there and couldn't fit in. Paul Bailey, who wrote it, is a 30-year-old actor and playwright. He tells his story through dialogue — a lot of it among the old ladies, their nurses and the matron, some of it remembered from the past.

It is astonishing that an author of this age, and a man, should be able so brilliantly to create a cameo of that restricted childhood life. One finds oneself demanding wonderingly what old woman he knew so

intimately, or whether perhaps he managed to hide himself in the Jerusalem's woodwork until he had absorbed the sights and sounds of its daily round.

It is even more astonishing that Bailey, having heard so acutely and reported so economically, should fail to invest his story with any emotional involvement. One can watch Mrs. Gadny, his heroine, yearn for her dead daughter, cry over the shame of life in a ward, deceive herself into writing and posting letters to a long dead friend, and still say only how accurate the account is.

Accuracy is a most laudable quality, but story-making requires some shaping of the raw material; some emphasizing of this and that to highlight a meaning. At the Jerusalem at first appears to have this shaping. It is written in three parts: Mrs. Gadny enters the home; flashback to life before Mrs. Gadny entered the home; Mrs. Gadny leaves the home.

Love and the relationships between mothers and fathers and sons and stepsons have been touched upon along the way, but the spurious shaping does no more than divert the reader by a change of direction. Like Omar Khayyam looking for the meaning of life, Mrs. Gadny comes out by the same door as she went in.

Gentlemanly Mountie with an iron strain



Harvison: a relentless hunter

THE HORSEMEN
By C. W. Harvison
McClelland and Stewart, 288 pages, \$7.50

Reviewed by DON DELAPLANTE

These memoirs by C. W. Harvison, former Commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, are an important contribution to the annals of Canadian crime — even to contemporary history — but they make me wonder whether Canadian publishers employ editors.

It is outrageous that Harvison was permitted to ramble through four chapters of personal trivia — about 15,000 words on his early life — before getting to the heart of his story.

No competent editor should have permitted him to say in his

opening sentence, in explanation of why the book was written, that the Press Gallery and some publishers had encouraged him "to try my hand at writing" — a phrase sufficient to unhorse many a reader then and there.

He started the book, he continues, because he had lost interest in photography, painting, fishing and gardening and didn't like some articles about the RCMP published in Scandinavia.

So here is a policeman apologizing for venturing into the world of literature, obviously worried about what his friends

will think. No apology is required. Once we get past those first four awful chapters, we find the book full of vitality, excellent narrative and some strong, controversial opinions.

It's an insider's story, beginning in 1920, of the spasmodic evolution of the Royal North West Mounted Police, the rural constabulary of Western Canada, into the modern RCMP. The anecdotes are often James Bondish and so fantastic they could only be true.

The tale ranges through early opium raids on Montreal's Chinese, the smashing of major bootleg operations, mailing counterfeiters and catching wartime spies, to Igor Gouzenko and the Banks, Spencer, Rivard and Munsinger affairs. The book ends with an angry defense of RCMP methods and calls on the country to let policemen police.

Harvison is gentlemanly and polite, and he sometimes writes in a deceptively self-effacing way, as though he were telling his story to mixed company at tea. But as he relates the events, a strain of iron in his

nature becomes apparent. Here is a real hound-dog of a policeman, a relentless, intelligent hunter of criminals, to whom time, miles and overwork mean nothing.

You begin to understand why he was a masterly interrogator of prisoners. He quit technical school at Hamilton to go West as a harvest hand, yet he easily induced three university-trained scientists to tell all they knew — and incriminate themselves — in the Gouzenko case.

He adroitly turned a spy who had been landed on the east coast from a submarine into a counterspy who radioed bogus messages to Hamburg for eight months. He personally ran the Canadian Nazi party during the war by setting up a figurehead.

The book should appeal to that large sector of the population that likes true adventure and politics. But it should be slimmed down by a merciless editor before it reaches U.S. and British markets.

Don Delaplante is a police reporter for *The Globe and Mail*.

An ear for melancholy nuance

THE DAY WE GOT DRUNK ON CAKE
By William Trevor
Bodley Head, 208 pages, \$4.75

Reviewed by JOHN CLUTE

Raymond Bamber is an underdog and a bore. Nervous, fuddy-duddy, bespectacled and unmarried, he wanders through the cocktail party, not noticing that his previous victims scurry out of his way.

Finally he meets Mrs. Fitch, who has become very drunk because her husband is flirting with another woman. She tells Raymond how sad she is. She tells him that she has aged prematurely. And when Raymond snubs her for divulging these confidences, she tells him he is a notorious bore.

He refuses to believe this, even after the hostess tells him that Mrs. Fitch, when drunk, has a habit of blurting out the truth. He leaves the party unconvinced, thinking about his old nanny, who has just died at the age of 90. He has learned nothing. The attempt at communication has failed.

This failure of human contact, and the type of person who fails, are typical of the world of William Trevor. *The Day We Got Drunk on Cake*, in which Raymond Bamber and Mrs. Fitch appear, is Trevor's first

collection of short stories, and a superb one. That is to be expected; Trevor is one of the best of the young British writers, and the three novels he's published since 1964 have been reviewed with all sorts of superlatives.

Trevor has always been obsessed with the failure of communication. His characters repetitively and compulsively try to talk with one another — and they always fail. But the failure has never been shown as acutely as it is in this fine collection.

As most writers do, Trevor loads the dice in his attempts to make his ideas real. He selects the kind of person for his stories who is already in a bad way. The typical Trevor character is unmarried, elderly, of diminished means and possessed of a past that has made him psychotic to begin with.

The difference between Trevor and numerous other writers of this type lies in his amazing flair for social comedy, in the accuracy of his ear for social nuance — in short, his style. He makes comical the lugubrious, makes the banalities of his characters touching, makes art out of thesis.

The thesis of solitude is not new with Trevor of course. Nor is his method of handling it — putting it into the form of British social comedy. Muriel Spark, for one, does it almost exclusively. He also reminds me of Ivy Compton-Burnett.

But in the long run, the game of who influenced who is foolish if the author being discussed is worth talking about in the first place. Trevor can stand by himself, as *The Day We Got Drunk on Cake* demonstrates.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Reviewed by SHEILA FISCHMAN

THE BASTILLE DAY PARADE
By Kenneth Lamott
Musson, 247 pages, \$4.75

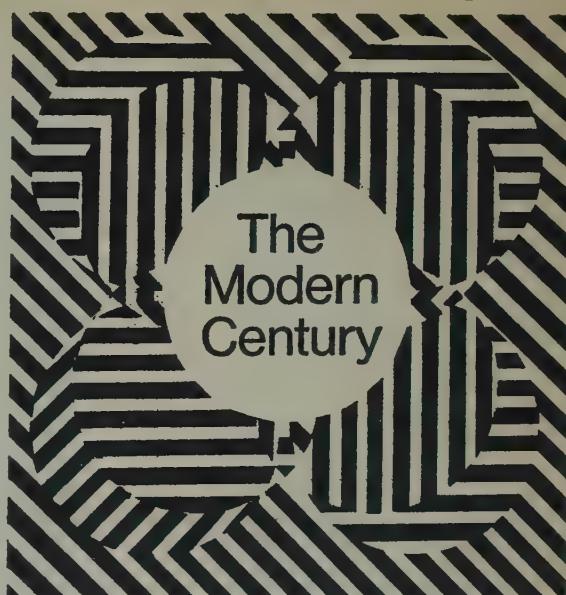
It's too bad Kenneth Lamott couldn't have thrown out his soapy main plot — about an alcoholic newsman who goes underground instead of committing suicide — and concentrated on the subplot, which is all about youthful protest and the interactions of young people and the rest of society. He skilfully employs familiar symbols and situations to give a believable and prophetic view of a currently widespread phenomenon.

MAYBE
By Burt Blechman
Prentice-Hall, 207 pages, \$5.95

A tedious, boring book about a tedious, boring old woman trying desperately to find the treasure she's sure her husband's dying words hinted at. While she deserves every misery that befalls her, there is no need for anyone to share it.

Northrop Frye

The
Modern
Century



A brilliant array of ideas on the mythology of our day and its central elements, alienation and progress; the effects of technology on the structure of society; 'modern' characteristics; anti-social attitudes in modern culture; the role of the arts and education. Everyone seriously concerned with the states of mind and quality of life that have created the modern world will find this discussion lucid, sane, and filled with original insights. \$3.00 from good bookstores.

Oxford

PROFILES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14



GEORGE SHAW

Cockney of the Yukon — his passion is the past

George Shaw, a neat, trim man, now drives an Oldsmobile, push-button windows and all, past rickety cabins built from lumber he sawed when he first came to Dawson City during the Depression. He is the Speaker of the Yukon's territorial council and a successful businessman whose store sells gold nugget, black diamond and mastodon ivory jewelry which he makes himself.

He revels in the history of Dawson, a decaying museum piece of 800 population, garishly refurbished in an attempt to recreate the great days of gold and 1898, when Dawson was a roaring city of 30,000. It is, as one visitor remarked, a town impatient to get the present over with so that it can become part of Dawson's past.

The Klondike rush was long over when Shaw arrived by boat, a Cockney immigrant who preferred taking his chances in the North to going to a Depression relief camp. Shaw opened a saw mill and ran it until 1952. "Then I went mining in a big way, with bulldozers, and went broke in a big way. So I had to start all over again, and that's when I went into the jewelry business."

He's 52 now, the father of three daughters, and although he wasn't even born in the halcyon days of gold, his passion is the town's past. He has assembled a private museum of equipment showing the development of gold mining from hand implements to modern machinery. He delights in showing it off to anyone who'll visit.

A tidy-minded man, Shaw has a knack for bragging in the most modest tones. This is how he explains why he recently won another term on the territorial council, by acclamation: "All you've got to do is work like hell in the term before — and you might have a chance."

He is a doleful promoter of investment in the North. He complains that money spent in the North tends to go back South indirectly. A Government-financed bridge, for example, might be built by a Southern contractor who employs transient Southern workers and uses materials and equipment brought from the South. When it's finished, he argues, all the economic benefit has gone back to the South. (The North, of course, gets its bridge.) P.A.

FASHION/JOYCE CARTER

PHOTOGRAPHS: ERIK CHRISTENSEN

TRESSES IN BL⁺M



Primavera look for fall: miniature zinnias in tawny tones tucked into a mass of auburn curls. Ringlets added



Hyper-romantic: long falling curls with star-like daisies



Frankly festive: frothy fluff studded with baby's breath

Flower-power hairdos are all set to put the pow into party outfits this fall. And this romantic hairdressing approach is sure to find favor among all women ready to accept the gentled mood of this season's festive clothes. It's great to look gaily boyish in kneesocks by day, but any woman worth the name is more fascinated by sexy sheer black stockings after dark. It's the same with hair: a crisply efficient cut may serve very well for tweed suits, but only curls, purchased hair and flowers are effective enough to transform you for parties. Toronto hairdresser Joseph Bobyk, who designed these hairdos, has been advocating flower-power hair for several months. He always has some fresh blooms at the ready in his salon and there are nearby florists with posies he doesn't have. Or an organized customer may arrive with her own bouquet. To retard wilting, stems are swaddled in wet cotton, then wrapped in waterproof foil. Bobyk claims that a posied hairdo takes only a few minutes more to set than a simpler style. As for staying power, he's done several in the morning and heard they were still unruffled next dawn. But no hairdresser makes any claims for the following day. It's just a pretty idea for brides or anyone else interested in turning into a flower child for one night.



ROAST TURKEY (12 to 16-pound turkey)

Allow $\frac{3}{4}$ pound per serving.

12 to 16-pound turkey $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warmed brandy

Stuffing $\frac{1}{3}$ cup dry sherry

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter Gilet gravy

Wash the turkey well and pat dry inside and out with paper towels. Fill neck cavity with stuffing and close it with skewers. Fasten wings to body with metal skewers. Turn over and fill body cavity. Tuck legs under back skin flap or leave them free. (There is better heat penetration to thigh joint when legs are free). Put the turkey, breast side down, on a rack in a shallow pan. Insert a meat thermometer into the thickest part of the breast meat, halfway between the wing socket and the peak of the wishbone, parallel to the backbone. Brush the turkey with some of the melted butter and place in a 325-degree oven. The turkey is done when the thermometer registers 175 degrees. (Thigh meat will be about 10 degrees higher). Total cooking time for this size turkey will be about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Baste with melted butter or with pan drippings about every half hour. When the turkey is almost done (when the thermometer reaches 170 to 175 degrees), warm the brandy. In a small pan heat 2 tablespoons of the melted butter and the sherry. Remove turkey from oven; working quickly, lift turkey on the rack onto a shallow baking sheet. Pour all the drippings from the roasting pan into a bowl and reserve for gravy. Set turkey and rack back into roasting pan, turning turkey, breast side up. Ignite brandy and pour flaming over turkey, spooning it over until flames die down. Then slowly pour sherry-butter mixture over the turkey, coating it well. Return to oven and roast 20 to 25 minutes longer until the breast is browned. Arrange on warm platter, cover with foil, let rest 20 to 30 minutes before carving.

Gilet gravy (6 cups)

Giblets and neck of turkey	1 bay leaf
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery	6 cups water
2 medium onions, peeled, quartered	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pan drippings
2 medium carrots, pared, cut up	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup all purpose flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons salt
8 black peppercorns	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper

Wash giblets and neck well under cold running water. Refrigerate liver until ready to use. Place giblets (except liver), neck, in saucepan, add celery, onions, carrots, salt, peppercorns, bay leaf, water. Bring to boiling, reduce heat and simmer, covered, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until giblets are tender. Add liver, simmer 15 minutes longer. Remove giblets and liver, discard neck bones, chop gilet meat coarsely and set aside. Strain broth remaining in saucepan, pressing vegetables through sieve along with broth. Measure, add water to make 6 cups. Set aside. Dip out $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fat from bowl of pan drippings and put into a saucepan. Blend in flour. Cook, over very low heat, stirring constantly, to brown the flour slightly. Remove from heat, gradually stir in reserved gilet broth, add salt, pepper. Return to heat and cook, stirring until thickened and smooth. Skim remaining fat off pan drippings in bowl and discard. Stir the remaining brown drippings into the gravy. Add the sherry-flavored drippings remaining in roasting pan, add reserved giblets. Simmer 5 minutes longer and serve with turkey. In 325-degree oven, turkey, 6 to 8 pounds, cooks in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 hours; 8 to 12 pounds, 4 to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; 12 to 16 pounds, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; 16 to 20 pounds, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

TURKEY TRADITIONAL

BY DOROTHY ALLEN-GRAY

Thanksgiving is one of our most pleasant holidays. It is a warm happy time when the family, close relatives and friends all sit down together to give thanks for their many blessings and to share the bounties of a munificent land. Typifying these bounties is the wealth of vegetables and fruits on our tables, some for every taste, as well as salads, relishes, rolls and breads. And reigning over all, the traditional roast turkey, majestic and bronzed to perfection, plumply stuffed with aromatic dressing and garnished with mounds of colorful cranberry sauce. The turkey comes in such a variety of sizes that you can choose any weight — from turkey parts and fryer-roasters of from 4 to 9 pounds to the giant 20-pound birds. Or you may serve twin roast turkeys instead of one huge bird. Two smaller ones cook faster, have twice the number of drumsticks and wings and permit you to serve two kinds of stuffings. The grand finale is, of course, the traditional pumpkin pie. And for those who take too many helpings of turkey, a lighter dessert like fruit and cheese may be prepared.

CLAM JUICE COCKTAIL (six 6-ounce servings)

3 8-ounce bottles clam juice	1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice	Dash Tabasco sauce Celery salt

Combine clam juice, tomato juice, lemon juice, Tabasco sauce. When ready to serve, shake with ice in a cocktail shaker. Pour into glasses, dust with celery salt and serve.

RICE AND MUSHROOM STUFFING (about 8 cups)

2 cups long grain rice	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced parsley
4 cups chicken broth or stock	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups sliced mushrooms ($\frac{1}{4}$ pound)
6 tablespoons butter	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons poultry seasoning
2 medium size onions, chopped	2 teaspoons
1 large carrot, shredded	grated lemon rind
1 cup diced celery	1 teaspoon salt
1 clove garlic, minced	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup dry sherry
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced toasted blanched almonds

Place rice and chicken stock in saucepan, bring to boiling point, stirring once or twice. Reduce heat to low, cover saucepan, and cook for 15 minutes, or until liquid is absorbed. Meanwhile, melt butter in skillet, add onion, saute over low heat until onion is just tender but not brown. Add celery, carrot, garlic, parsley, mushrooms. Saute until liquid from vegetables has evaporated. Remove from heat, stir in poultry seasoning, lemon rind, salt. Add to rice, tossing lightly. Add sherry, almonds and mix.

FRESH CRANBERRY RELISH (about 4 cups)

1 pound package fresh cranberries	1 orange, quartered, seeds removed
2 tart apples, peeled, cored	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar

Wash cranberries. Put through food chopper together with apples and orange. Combine with sugar. Refrigerate until serving time.

GLAZED ONIONS (4 servings)

1 pound small white onions (about 18)	2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Boiling salted water	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter	Pinch black pepper

Peel onions under cold running water and place in saucepan. Add enough boiling salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart water) to cover. Cook, uncovered, until almost tender, about 20 minutes. Drain. Melt butter and sugar in skillet. Add drained onions, salt, pepper. Cook over low heat, turning to brown lightly on all sides.

PUMPKIN CREAM PIE (8-inch pie)

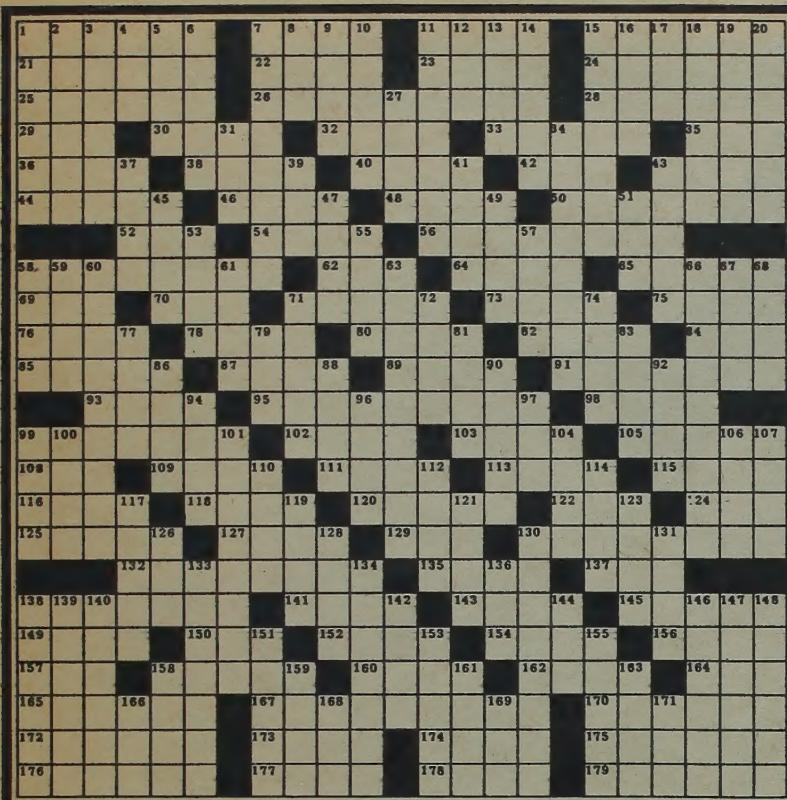
8-inch unbaked pastry shell	1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon maple extract
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks, lightly beaten	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked or canned pumpkin puree
2 tablespoons table molasses	$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk
1 teaspoon ginger	2 egg whites, beaten stiffly

Cream butter and sugar until light, stir in egg yolks, molasses, ginger, cinnamon, maple extract, salt, pumpkin. Scald milk over medium heat until a thin wrinkly film forms on top. Do not let it boil. Stir into pumpkin mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into unbaked pastry shell. Bake in 450-degree oven for 15 minutes. Reduce to 350 degrees, bake 30 minutes longer or until filling is set. Remove, cool, top with creamy topping.

Creamy topping

2 egg whites	Pinch salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar	2 tablespoons cold water

Combine egg whites, sugar, salt, water, in the top of a double boiler, mixing well. Cook over boiling water for 1 minute, beating vigorously. Remove, beat until mixture stands in peaks, spread over pie. Refrigerate and serve within two hours.



ACROSS

- 1 Coy.
- 7 Thin paste-board.
- 11 Blunt.
- 15 Fan.
- 21 Overjoyed.
- 22 In excess.
- 23 Seaweed.
- 24 Printer's mistake.
- 25 Placid.
- 26 "Quoth the raven, —."
- 28 Subtract.
- 29 Here: Fr.
- 30 Son of Seth.
- 32 Ids.
- 33 Colorado park.
- 35 Weather term: abbr.
- 36 Highways: abbr.
- 38 "— but sure."
- 40 Runners.
- 42 Pronoun.
- 43 Was.
- 44 Treatise.
- 46 Attract.
- 48 Verve.
- 50 Big.
- 52 Natal name.

- 54 Neat.
- 56 Gourmet's necessity.
- 58 Authoritative commands.
- 62 Dance step.
- 64 European.
- 65 Burdened.
- 69 Exacerbate.
- 70 Polish.
- 71 Wins.
- 73 At any time.
- 75 "Toll is the — of fame."
- 76 Arnalffy money.
- 78 Gr. letter.
- 80 Golf hazard.
- 82 "Mock not —."
- 84 Snow: Scot.
- 85 Amassed.
- 87 "— but the brave —."
- 89 Water pitcher.
- 91 Not as old.
- 93 High priests.
- 95 "One — Evening."
- 98 Lachrymose drop.
- 99 Wrongfully.
- 102 Ruse.

- 103 Remarks.
- 105 Hang loosely.
- 108 Metric measure.
- 109 Accepted.
- 111 Earthenware pot.
- 113 Heroic act.
- 115 Plant modified by environment.
- 116 "Take ten."
- 118 Food fish.
- 120 Blabs.
- 122 Pierces —.
- 124 Sooner than.
- 125 Desert greenies.
- 127 Of the skin.
- 129 Cha.
- 130 Edge.
- 132 Cuts the sheep's wool again.
- 135 Schmaltz!
- 137 Capuchin monkey.
- 138 Of what.
- 141 Fodder tower.
- 143 Only.
- 145 Crosses.
- 149 Spooky.
- 150 Tramp.

- 152 — pickle.
- 154 Siestas.
- 156 Waste allowance.
- 157 Turkish chief.
- 158 Affray.
- 160 Turf fuel.
- 162 Persian money.
- 164 Arid.
- 165 Famous British surgeon.
- 167 Settling.
- 170 Fasten again.
- 172 Thirty in Paris.
- 173 Indian.
- 174 Shoe stretcher.
- 175 Make up your mind.
- 176 — Act, 1893, on ship owner's liability.
- 177 Withers.
- 178 Coagulates.
- 179 British weights.

DOWN

- 1 Want.
- 2 Votes for.
- 3 Antoinette and others.
- 4 Shoshone.
- 5 French name.
- 6 Blissful regions.
- 7 Spouses.
- 8 — Maria.
- 9 Dream: Fr.
- 10 Lee.
- 11 Maidens.
- 12 Before now.
- 13 Dam.
- 14 Fourth Estate.
- 15 Ransoms.
- 16 Mine products.
- 17 Calif. fort.
- 18 Stretch fight.
- 19 Designs with acid.
- 20 Nubby cloth.
- 21 Part played by an actor.
- 31 Ancient.
- 34 Practice of stealing.
- 37 Beach feature.
- 123 — like a lion."
- 126 Perceive.
- 128 Desert climate.
- 130 Grows.
- 131 Donnybrook.
- 133 Less drunk.
- 134 Mule.
- 136 Nickname.
- 138 Riches.
- 139 Flight of Mohammed from Mecca.
- 140 Expunger.
- 142 Spread.
- 144 Final.
- 146 Establish.
- 147 Ridicule.
- 148 Fashions.
- 151 Ancient Persians.
- 153 Shoe parts.
- 155 Carnelian.
- 159 Allot.
- 159 Land of leprechauns.
- 161 Wheel part.
- 163 Former English court.
- 166 Explosive.
- 168 N.M. Indian.
- 169 Saine.
- 171 Sgt., e.g.

DIAGRAMLESS 17 x 17

ACROSS

- 1 Coincide.
- 6 Agency of the Thirties.
- 9 French river.
- 10 Malayan canoe.
- 11 Development.
- 15 Enormous.
- 16 School: abbr.
- 17 Lawyer: abbr.
- 18 Precipitation.
- 19 Philippine Island.
- 21 Shanty.
- 22 Love.

- 23 Gardener's tool.
- 24 Got in touch.
- 26 Farmer's milieu.
- 30 Rose.
- 33 Groans.
- 34 Foll.
- 35 Tune.
- 37 Ovid.
- 38 Prima donna.
- 39 Fur.
- 40 Infant.
- 41 Spanish hero.
- 42 Room.
- 43 Acrobatic manoeuvre.
- 48 Think.
- 50 Now.
- 51 Kind of music.
- 52 Neftied.
- 53 Sneak.
- 55 De mer.
- 58 Stylish.
- 59 Pertaining to writing.
- 62 Bell sound.
- 63 Moslem ascetic.
- 64 Breakfast food.
- 65 Fur.

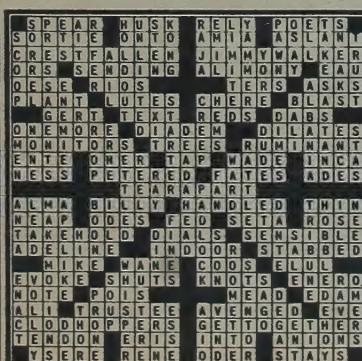
- 1 Vipers.
- 2 French stallion.
- 3 Free scope.
- 4 A language: sibsr.
- 5 Poetic contraction.
- 6 Small: river.
- 7 Covering.
- 8 Circus performer.
- 10 Went first.
- 12 de Valera.
- 13 Set out.
- 14 Simplify.
- 15 Happy.
- 18 Fish.
- 19 American Indian.
- 20 Stir.
- 21 Used.
- 23 Half.
- 25 Was able.
- 27 Heraldic.
- 28 Biblical character.
- 29 Metal.
- 30 Money.
- 31 Zone.
- 32 Phone.
- 33 Permitting.
- 37 Hemp.

CRYPTOGRAM

DUO-RMMZ-RWJK WR
RWWZLFHH LXFKB
MOIMGZMQ IFDDUBN UB
GWHHMNM KWJHQ LM
SFXQMX ZSF B WB
RUMHQ. —

LAST WEEK'S CRYPTOGRAM

Another mad palindrome, pal: but an Irish G.I. hung a gnu high, sir — in a tub!



Ryvita Crispbread is great for breakfast, lunch, supper — anytime

Everyone is crunching into Ryvita Crispbread. It's marvellous — so crisp and crunchy. A natural food too — it's made from wholemeal rye.

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Lift the Veil of Facial Lines *that whispers little lies about your age*

Most of us recognize the "face lift" results of cinema beauties who seem ageless—whose facial appearance never seems to change from what it was 5, 10 or 15 years ago. Perhaps you've envied these people, their thirtyish look, even wished you could afford their secrets. If you would like to overcome the ravishes of time, eliminate the lines that announce your age, if you want, in fact, to accomplish this ageless look, to make your 2nd Debut, please read on.

It's an accepted fact that after age 25, in the female, the cells of the skin usually begin to shrink in size because of reduced ability to obtain water and retain it. It is when the skin loses water moisture that lines begin to appear on the skin's surface, at first around the eyes, mouth and forehead. As the skin becomes drier the lines become deeper, until finally the lines become wrinkles and age lines that mark the passing of each year. As moisture departs, the veil of age begins its inevitable descent.

But recently, in the laboratories of West Germany, a dedicated team of men researched and developed what is now considered a whole new concept in removing and reducing female facial lines. The principle of their discovery is natural and simple. It is based upon supplying to the surface of the skin the natural ingredient which enables the skin to maintain its youth giving water moisture balance. This key ingredient is the synthesis of a natural factor of human tissue which makes it readily acceptable to the skin, and is known to our scientists as CEF (Cellular Expansion Factor). CEF, for distribution in this country, is contained in the liquid face lift appropriately named 2ND DEBUT. Women of all ages both here and abroad have been thrilled and delighted with the results of this new discovery. When 2ND DEBUT with CEF is applied to the skin's surface, facial lines start to smooth out and become less and less visible... to give your skin that much desired "ageless look".

HOW TO GET IT FOR YOURSELF

Your lift is in a bottle containing the non-oily, pleasantly scented emulsion 2ND DEBUT. At night, before retiring, and after your make-up has been removed and your

facial skin is free from traces of cleansing cream, you smooth a small amount of 2ND DEBUT over your face and neck. Cover it gently with a circular motion of your finger tips, until it vanishes into your skin. Now is when your lift begins. There is no stretching, no peeling, nothing more than just a simple and delightful few minutes with yourself each night before retiring for half dozen or dozen nights in succession. The veil of facial lines will start to disappear as you actually lift the age lines out of your face. Day by day you watch the lines around your eyes, over your cheek bones, around your nose and at the corners of your mouth lessen and lessen as they become more difficult to find. This simple nightly routine will keep your face in this new state for as long as you want to enjoy the ageless look. Discontinue the treatment whenever you wish. Resume it when you see the need to. Succeeding courses will be every bit as effective as the first.

2nd Debut is made in two potencies. The first contains CEF 600 and is designed for the woman with early worries; that is, the younger woman who has started to line before her time. Its price is \$4.50 for the four ounce size, 1 oz. vial only \$1.50.

The double-potency CEF 1200 was formulated for the face over forty; or for the impatient lady who wants visible results without delay—or for you if your facial lines are deep. It smooths aged lines faster. In only a few

days you see a marked change. The four ounce bottle is but \$6. 1 oz. vial only \$2.00.

Now, to prepare your skin to receive these treatments, 2nd Debut Liquid Cleanser was developed. Its results are dynamic. Its application is different, for it is to be applied in a thin layer over your face and throat. Then rinse off with cool water. Then your skin is clear, clean. Really clean! Price is \$3 for two ounces.

For the finishing touch, try your shade of the new 2nd Debut Liquid Makeup containing completely invisible CEF 600. It smooths on easy and gives your skin the fashionable satiny smooth matte finish so envied and admired. Exceptionally light, your skin feels naturally soft with a feminine skin color that seems to glow from within. Available in five exquisite natural looking shades that won't change color or streak... just \$2.50.

Take comfort in the assurance that 2nd Debut will work for you to the extent of presenting your face as smoother, lovelier-to-look-at, agelessly more interesting. You may obtain 2nd Debut on a guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or your money refunded. The better department and drug stores have it.

Special introductory offer. You will be mailed postpaid the \$1.50 demonstration size of the regular \$4.50 value 2nd Debut with CEF 600 if you send only \$1.00 to Lila Hamilton, Beauty Staff writer, Dept. G.M.2 943 Queen St. East, Toronto 8, Ontario.

2nd Début

WITH CEF 600
and NEW CEF 1200

A SECOND DEBUT FOR MOTHER

